UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode No. 76

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12:30 to 1:30 P.M. C.D.S.T. AUGUST 17, 1933 THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA:

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" ---

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET

ANNOUNCER: One hundred and forty-eight National Forests, scattered through more than thirty States, north, south, east, and west, are dedicated to the use and enjoyment of the people of the United States. With their many beautiful lakes, turbulent rivers, mountain peaks and meadows, vast open cattle and sheep ranges, big timber, and young growing forests, they offer the finest opportunities for outdoor recreation, and they serve at the same time as a vast reservoir of useful resources, managed by Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers in the public interest.

Each week at this time we have a look-in on the Pine Cone National Forest District, where Ranger Jim Robbins and his young assistant, Jerry Quick, are in charge. -- Let's see -- today, we find Ranger Jim and Jerry out on field work, and after a long, hard day, they're about to make camp in an unoccupied cabin in the forest. Billy, one of their forest guards, is with them. -- Here they are, packing the last load up the hill to the cabin. ---

JERRY: Whey! -- I'll bet Billy never gets cold with the load of blankets he's got in this bed roll.

BILLY: Huh - that ain't many, Jerry.

JERRY: It ain't, huh? -- Gosh, I hope I never have to pack a load like this again. Any guy that needs a bed like this ought to carry it himself!

BILLY: I s'pose you think this grub is carrying me up this hill. Doggone, I'm sure gonna be sore every time I see anybody else eating any of it, after this.

JERRY: Well, you'll have plenty to be sore about then, as soon as I get a chance at it. Huh? Jim?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) If you young fellows'd look ahead and size up that hill, I reckon you'd be saving your breath a little, about now.

JERRY: Gosh, it sure is a tough pull, all right. -- What did you let Slim dump this stuff at the foot of the hill for? He could've packed it on up to the cabin easy enough.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I thought you boys ought to have a chance to work up an appetite.

JERRY: Work up an appetite! Gosh!

JIM: Well, here we are, -- so you can quit squawking.

(SOUND OF PACKS BEING DROPPED)

JERRY: Oh, boy! That's a relief.

BILLY: It sure is. -- Gee, it's almost dark already.

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: How about getting some of this stuff unpacked? -- Who's going to cook supper?

JERRY: I can fix up some supper that'll knock your eye out.

BILLY: (BANTERING) Hey, no you don't! None of them soggy dough-gods tonight, Jerry - we want to live.

JERRY: Go on. You don't appreciate good cooking. You ought to've seen the biscuits I made night before last.

BILLY: What did you do with 'em?

JERRY: Ate 'em, of course. What do you suppose?

BILLY: Oh. I thought maybe you used 'em to make a rock bed for that new truck trail.

JERRY: All right, all right. Just for that I won't make any biscuits.

BILLY: Gee! I'm broken-hearted.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, Jerry, suppose you and Billy go rustle up some wood while I start supper.

JERRY: All right. - Come on, Billy, we'll get some wood while the <u>expert</u> gets the chuck ready.

(JIM CHUCKLES)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

BILLY: (COMING UP) Hey, how's this? -- We sure had luck.

JIM: What you got there?

BILLY: A couple of poles, - see?

JIM: Poles, huh?

JERRY: Yeah - there's an old power line to that abandoned mine down there. We cut down a couple of the old poles.

BILLY: Makes nice pitchy wood.

JIM: Sure it wasn't a telephone line? There's one goes through here.

JERRY: A phone line? Oh no. This was an old abandoned power line. With insulated wire - see? Not like our wire.

JIM: You're sure, huh?

JERRY: Sure. This was an old abandoned line. The insulation's almost all weathered away. -- Come on, Billy, get to work and cut up that wood. I'm hungry as a bear.

BILLY: Come on yourself. You ain't paralyzed.

JERRY: I'm coming.

(JIM CHUCKLES)

(FADEOUT ON SOUND OF CHOPPING, OFF)

(SEVERAL SECONDS PAUSE)

JERRY: That sure was a good supper, Jim. I was plenty hungry, too.

BILLY: I'll say. Those were biscuits that <u>are</u> biscuits. -- Why don't you take lessons from Jim on how to cook 'em, Jerry.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Go on. I can make good biscuits too, but you're generally too ornery to admit it.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, anyway, Jerry, I guess you and Billy are on the top of the list as dishwashers. Let's see how quick you can do these.

JERRY: I knew I was going to be in for that. -- Come on, Billy. Pick 'em up while I get the hot water. -- Wait a minute, I guess I'll let you wash 'em and I'll wipe 'em.

BILLY: What's the matter? Something stuck in the pan?

JERRY: Yeah. You can clean it out with a handful of dirt.

BILLY: (SARCASTIC) Thanks.

(RATTLING OF DISHES)

JERRY: Here - don't forget these tin cups.

BILLY: Thanks.

JERRY: Come on, speed up. -- If you do a good job washing these dishes, we'll let you cook breakfast in the morning.

BILLY: I know -- you figure that'll give you a chance to sleep a little longer.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Sure. -- Hey, do you call that washed? All you're doing is just dunking 'em.

BILLY: Well, what you got a dish towel for? You can wipe off any dirt I missed.

JERRY: Okay. -- Is that the last one?

BILLY: That's all.

JERRY: Fine. That's done. -- Now to unroll my bed and get the best bunk. --- Say, Billy, how many blankets do you cart around?

BILLY: (UNROLLING BED) I don't use many blankets. Just four and a wool comforter.

JERRY: Is that all?! Next time I carry your ton and a half of bedding you'll know it.

BILLY: Aw, you're just a little weak, that's all.

(NOISE OF ROCKS ROLLING OUT ON FLOOR)

JERRY: Jumping Jupiter! Who put those rocks in that bed roll! (BILLY LAUGHS LOUDLY) - No wonder it weighed a ton! Jim, I gotta mess 'im up for this! -

(SOUND OF GOOD-NATURED SCUFFLING; LAUGHING AND THWACKING; JIM CHUCKLING)

BILLY: Hey - hey - cut it out!

JERRY: No you don't! You don't get away that easy!

BILLY: Hey -- leggo my leg!

(RATTLE OF FALLING POTS AND PANS)

JIM: Whoa now -- (CHUCKLING) Easy there - I don't care how much you boys mess each other up, but go easy on the furniture.

JERRY: (LAUGHING, PANTING) Okay, Billy, we'll call it quits.

BILLY: (PANTING) Okay.

JIM: As for me, I'm ready for the hay. Good night.

JERRY: Look at that. Jim went and took the best bunk while you were botherin' me, here.

BILLY: Me botherin' <u>you</u> -- ! Say!

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Better turn in. I've got the clock set early.

JERRY: All right. -- I get this bunk. -- No you don't. Get out. I saw it first.

BILLY: All right, all right.

JERRY: Good night, Jim.

JIM: (GRUNTS) 'Night.

(SHORT PAUSE)

JERRY: (SWEETLY) Nighty-night, Billy.

BILLY: Aw, go to thunder.

(SHORT SILENCE)

(SOUND OF SNORING AND GURGLING)

JERRY: (HALF WHISPER) Hey - turn over -

BILLY: (HALF WHISPER) Turn over - you sound like a flock of sawmills.

BILLY: 'Taint me - it's Jim.

JERRY: It's you all right. -- Turn over.

BILLY: (GRUNTS)

(SHORT SILENCE)

(SNORING AND GULPING RESUMES)

JERRY: (HALF WHISPER) Hey!

BILLY: (SLEEPILY) Cut it out will yuh?

JERRY: You're gonna wake up and find yourself choked to death if you don't look out.

BILLY: (GRUNTS)

(PAUSE)

BILLY: (EXCITED HALF WHISPER) What's that!? -- Jerry -- light a match, will yuh?!

BILLY: It's a doggone pack rat! -- There goes my boot!

JIM: (ROUSING) What's the matter?

BILLY: Pack rat!

JERRY: There he goes! Where's that butcher knife!

JIM: There he went - into the cupboard. - Easy now - whack him, Jerry.

(SOUND OF HITTING WOOD WITH KNIFE)

JERRY: Shucks! I missed him.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Try again. -- Whoa - there he goes out under the door.

JERRY: Shucks.

JIM: Well - let's sleep.

JERRY: Yeah, let's get some sleep.

(PAUSE)

(SNORING RESUMES)

JERRY: (DISGUSTED) For the love of Mike!

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(ALARM CLOCK RINGS)

JERRY: (SLEEPY) Hey! -- Who set that alarm clock for three o'clock?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Roll out, Jerry. It's five-thirty.

JERRY: (SLEEPY, GORANING) O-oh - huh? - (YAWNS) -- five-thirty?

JIM: Sure. Up and at 'em, young fellow.

JERRY: (ROUSING) I'm up. -- Hey, Billy. Roll out.

BILLY: (GROANS, YAWNS)

JERRY: Snap into it -- come on. I want mine crisp, and the eggs sunny side up.

BILLY: (YAWNING) Yeah?

JERRY: Yeah. And don't burn the toast.

BILLY: Shut up. (YAWNS)

JIM: If you're so hungry, you'd better go get the rest of that wood you cut up last night.

JERRY: Okay. Soon as I get my boots on.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JERRY: Someone's knocking, Jim.

JIM: Wonder who that could be. (CALLS) Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

ERNIE: (COMING IN) Hi, Jim. Hello boys.

JIM: Hello Ernie.

JERRY AND BILL: (WITH HIM) Hi, Ernie.

JIM: What's up?

ERNIE: Say -- do you know where that darned phone line might be down? It went dead last night, and I've been out looking for the trouble.

JERRY & BILLY: (PAINFUL GASP) Huh?

JIM: Phone line went dead, huh? - (CHUCKLES) Well, come in Ernie, while I fix up a cup of hot Java here. It'll help the disposition, - and maybe you'll need it.

ERNIE: Yeah, but --

JIM: Was that line strung with insulated wire, Ernie?

ERNIE: Yeah. Part of it. We used a stretch of the old abandoned power line -- Say, you fellows look like you know something about it. What's up?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I reckon they know something about it all right. -- How about it, Jerry?